

THE

# National AND ENGLISH Review

Vol. 153

NOVEMBER, 1959

No. 921

## AUTUMN ON THE LEFT?

TWO SHILLINGS





Hubert Roblin, 80 year old stonemason, works on Popton Fort. Behind him BP's super-tanker jetty stretches out into Milford Haven.

## Hubert Roblin goes back to work-at eighty

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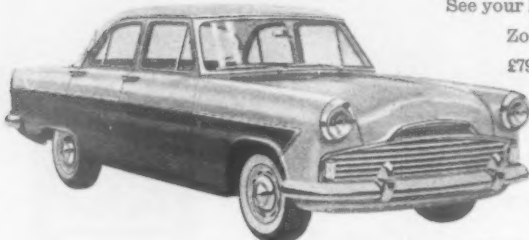
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# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

EDITOR: LORD ALTRINCHAM

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHING OFFICE: 2 BREAMS BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.4.

Price: 2/- monthly. Annual subscription 28/- (or \$5) post free

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## *Episodes of the Month*

### AUTUMN ON THE LEFT?

**S**Ocialism has indeed fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf. State ownership and State control have apparently been spurned by the British people in three successive Elections. The old doctrinaire Socialism seems to have had its day and to be fit only for the bonfire.

A comforting, facile thought. But most of those who gave the Labour Party its overwhelming majority in 1945 were not interested in the *theory* of Socialism, and the same is true of those who have now switched their allegiance to the Tories. In British politics the real struggle is seldom ideological, though it may appear to be so on the surface. The Labour Party rose to power as the champion of an underprivileged class: in conditions of full employment its industrial wing, the trade unions, were able to remove most, if not all, of the economic injustice from which that class had previously suffered, while the politicians used the weapons of legislation and taxation to establish a Welfare State. Socialism as a theory never mattered. It has been rejected not because the people detest it (that is a myth cherished by some High Tories) but because they neither know nor care about it. Had prices not been stable last month, and had there been general unemployment, the Labour Party would have won — but only a fool would have interpreted its victory as a victory for Socialism. By the same token only a fool would interpret the Tory triumph as a mandate to undo the revolution of 1945.

Mr. Harold Macmillan believes (at least he has said) that the class war is obsolete. In the true Marxist sense it has never existed, but in a more general sense it has by no means ceased to exist. On the contrary, the 1959 Election marks a new phase in the perennial British struggle between class feeling on the one hand and a free mind and conscience on the other. Class feeling has won. In good times (i.e. when the terms of trade are temporarily favourable and jobs are fairly easy to come by) the wage-earner and his wife have the sensation of belonging to the bourgeoisie. Voting Conservative is partly a political act — a

vote for stability — and partly a social act — a vote for status. In bad times the word "Labour" regains its charm and the class instinct becomes aggressive rather than possessive. A wise old Lancastrian once said to us that a Labour man was "a Conservative without money". The desire for respectability is always there, but the desire for a decent standard of living is stronger. When the Tory Party can satisfy the more basic desire it is sure of a good majority, because it can then automatically satisfy the other aspiration.

It was a tragedy that party leaders after the War reverted to class politics, instead of making a sustained and united effort to rid British society of its class institutions and fixations. The War had shown that Great Britain was not necessarily the most snobbish nation on earth. The ideal of "One Nation" was within reach; it was a potential, if not an actual reality. But during the years that have followed the Tory and Labour Parties have shirked the reforms which could have given Britain more nearly the semblance of a classless community, without depriving it of dynamism or variety. Both parties have failed to become truly national and democratic in their own structure and appeal: they remain class parties. Above all, they have failed to remove from Britain's educational system the poison of class feeling which still pervades it. The division between State and independent schools, with the latter still monopolising most of the available talent, is both unjust and socially disastrous. The Labour Party threatened those bastions of the new snobbery, the grammar schools, but incomprehensibly left the public schools and their parasites outside the scope of its proposed educational changes. What could have been more foolish or more illogical?

A cynic might be tempted to infer from the Election result that the British cast their votes for purely selfish reasons and are incapable of vision or generous emotion. We would never accept that view of a people which has shown, under the right leadership, an extraordinary altruism and collective moral sense. The voters of today may not



be exactly comparable with those who rallied to Gladstone during the Midlothian campaign, but they are not different in kind. Unfortunately there is no Gladstone in high places, to impart to the political fight the exaltation of a noble spirit. Mr. Gaitskell had an opportunity to arouse the dormant conscience of his compatriots, but his behaviour in opposition since 1956 has shown no steady, relentless purpose, no unquenchable anger, no readiness to forfeit immediate advantage for the higher good. Mr. Macmillan was able during the campaign to regain some of the moral stature he had lost in recent years by refusing to partake in an auction for the votes of old age pensioners and tax-payers. And Mr. Aneurin Bevan, who spoke almost exclusively about foreign and colonial affairs, increased his personal majority against the national trend, whereas Mr. Gaitskell and many other Labour leaders suffered a loss of votes in their own constituencies.

The Liberals scored a limited success by winning one new seat (though they also lost one) and by coming second in twenty-seven seats (compared with seven last time). The big increase in their total vote is mainly attributable to their contesting nearly twice as many seats as in 1955, but their average share of the vote in seats which they fought in both Elections went up by over three per cent. Mr. Grimond, who has less illusions about the Liberal "revival" than some of his followers, hinted on the morrow of the Election that he would welcome a radical alliance with members of the Labour Party who are prepared to disown some of its traditional policies. Such an alliance is unlikely, because the Liberals have too little bargaining power. Liberal candidates are still more harmful to Conservatives than to Labour, and a Lib-Lab coalition would probably drive more voters back into the Tory fold than it would win for itself. The outlook for the Liberals is therefore bleak. England does not love third parties — and England is right.

The Labour Party remains the alternative: it has the numbers and it has the funds. We hope it will become less addicted to Socialist ideology and less closely tied to the trade unions; but we believe it lost the Election not because of nationalisation, or Mr. Cousins, or the fear of State control. It was beaten by stable prices, the skilful use Mr. Macmillan has made of his immensely powerful position, and the failure of Mr. Gaitskell and the Opposition to lift

their attack above the level of the kitchen table. The Tories deserved to lose, but the Socialists did not deserve to win. That may be the last word on October 8th, 1959.

### Blimps under Control

It was to be feared that the Tory victory would strengthen all the worst elements in the Party; that the Major Grants and Major Friends would come into their own and the cause of Tory Radicalism be lost. Serious dangers remain—above all, perhaps, the danger of inertia—but the Prime Minister's appointments have, on the whole, done much to restore confidence. He is a strange man, crafty and disingenuous, with a few unfortunate whimsies of a social or "Rule Britannia" kind, but realistic, and with an ultimate preference for progressive action. He has thus used his unchallengeable power in the Party to shift the centre of gravity several points to the Left (which does not, of course, mean several points nearer to the Labour Party, as Labour is in many respects to the Right of the Tories).

Lord Hailsham has been succeeded, as Chairman of the Party, by Mr. R. A. Butler—a most significant change. Butler must try to take time off from the Home Office to democratise the Party, a task which is long overdue. He will anyway keep the maniacs and morons under observation and control: he may even find that the psychopathic evidence emerging from a close study of constituency associations will be of some value to him in his Departmental work.

The removal of Hailsham is opportune. He is a brilliant man, but his judgment is often defective and he is no administrator. He was appointed Chairman to kindle hope and enthusiasm in the rank-and-file, and none could doubt that he succeeded. But the need now is to moderate and educate, rather than to evangelise, the party faithful. As Minister of Science Hailsham, who is an eminent humanist, may be able to demonstrate that a bridge can be built between Sir Charles Snow's "two cultures". But he will have little or no power and the job may turn out to be no more than a symbol of good intentions.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd has left the Colonial Office and his departure will facilitate a reappraisal of policies in Africa. His few disastrous mistakes will not efface the memory of his remarkable achievements as Colonial Secretary. Of all holders of the office he has probably been the best so far.



Camera Press

MACMILLAN

MACLEOD

HEATH

His successor is Mr. Iain Macleod, whose liberal instincts should combine with his ambition to ensure that his regime is progressive. He must know that Colonial riots, imprisonments, deportations and emergencies might win him the applause of some backwoodsmen, but would not pave his way to No. 10 Downing Street.

The New Minister of Labour, Mr. Edward Heath, is a room-at-the-top politician with a good-chap manner. He is intelligent and his recreation (music) at least is civilised. Whether or not he will find the trade unions as easy to manage as the Tory majority in the last Parliament remains to be seen.

Sir David Eccles has returned to the Ministry of Education, where he previously funk'd reforming the public schools. Will he now show more courage, or will he shrink from a show-down with the vested interest which dominates the Tory Party as the trade unions dominate Labour? He should not be afraid to court unpopularity, because he is already one of the most unpopular men in the House of Commons. If he used his unpopularity for the general good history might take a kindlier view of him than his contemporaries.

Mr. Marples has been a forceful and imaginative Postmaster-General, so his appointment as Minister of Transport has sent a tremor of hopeful expectation through Britain's near-desperate travellers by road and rail. The outgoing Minister, Mr. Watkinson, has done his best to improve the road system, but Mr. Marples should do better still. As Minister of Defence Mr.

Watkinson inherits from Mr. Duncan Sandys the Dead Sea fruit of a policy which even those who supported it in Parliament now hesitate to excuse.

Sir Edward Boyle is back at the Treasury whence he resigned three years ago in protest against the Suez aggression. Some say he has worked his passage, but it would be truer to say that the Government has worked *its* passage. Many of his colleagues, who shared his disgust but not his sense of principle, may now be in higher office. He may advance more slowly than they, but he need never regret what he did. By risking his career he helped to save his Party from total dishonour.

## Summitmanship

One of the more amusing aspects of the Election was the use made of the mystic term "Summit" by both parties, but more especially by the Conservatives. The term has prestige value but is otherwise misleading, because the first true Summit meeting had already taken place—between Khrushchev and Eisenhower, who rule the world's two Super-Powers. Any subsequent meeting involving the Heads of other national Governments may be useful and desirable, but it cannot raise the level of discussion—in the physical sense—any higher. Camp David was the peak of power, where two strong men stood face to face.

What good did the Khrushchev visit do? Or was it harmful? Are the Russians now "sincere" in wanting disarmament and peaceful co-existence? That they are still the same people with the same basic

ideology, and that Khrushchev is still a ruthless tyrant, must be firmly emphasised. But the Marxist creed has been modified in practice by each of Soviet Russia's dictators, and Khrushchev has travelled more and absorbed more varied impressions of the world than either of his predecessors. Moreover, he has to face a new situation in the East, which may change his attitude towards the West, and compel him to reconsider his foreign relationships, just as Stalin reconsidered his in 1939. China, hitherto a comrade and client, is now becoming a serious rival and threat to the Soviet Union. With a fantastic population problem and an unequalled tradition of xenophobia China must be an awkward neighbour for any State. But India and the countries of South-East Asia have the advantage, in this context, of being highly populated already: they are therefore not the most obvious areas for future Chinese expansion. Surely it is to the relatively empty Eastern territories of the Soviet Union that the Chinese must be looking with covetous and calculating eyes. And surely Khrushchev must be well aware of the danger: he is no fool.

It may now seem to him that a disarmament agreement should be signed, and

closer links with the West established, before China has become a nuclear Power. If this is his feeling his dominant motive is, of course, self-interest, and he should not be suspected of any sudden conversion to the American, or Western, way of life. But it should also be noted that the cultural and scientific influences which have made the Russians what they are today are more Western than Eastern. Though the Soviet Union is an ambivalent land mass, sprawling across the map from East to West, the bulk of its population lies towards the West, and most of its formative ideas and techniques—including Marxism itself—have come from the West. For this reason, and because of a delightful sense of humour which has been denied to some other people who are geographically more Western, the Russians have some common ground with the Atlantic nations, despite the clash of ideologies. And we may perhaps surmise that Khrushchev was more at home talking to President Ike and leading Americans than to his brother-Communists in Peking.

He certainly showed them less consideration than the President showed his European Allies. Whereas Ike visited Western Germany, the United Kingdom and France before he received Khrushchev on American soil, Khrushchev went to China *after*, not before, his American trip; and he added insult to injury by paying compliments to the Americans while he was in China. He has also given clear diplomatic indications that he does not support China's war of nerves against India. It is much too early to say that a *renversement des alliances* is impending, but the possibility of such a development cannot be ruled out.

The best hope of giving practical effect to the new mood, if it exists, is now to be found in detailed disarmament negotiations. Little change can be expected on the German question, nor would any change necessarily be for the better. The East and West Germans must be humoured by their respective patrons, but they must not be accorded the power of blackmail or veto. German disunity for a generation, or even for the indefinite future, would be a small price to pay for a peaceful world, as many Germans would themselves admit—in private.

### Algerian Hopes

President de Gaulle's declaration on Algeria proved once and for all that he is a statesman of the highest class. It may be

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## INDEPENDENTS AND THE ELECTION

some time before direct negotiations between the French and the F.L.N. can be arranged, but the principle of self-determination has now been conceded and the road to a solution is thus at long last open.

De Gaulle's apparently troublesome insistence upon France's status in the Western Alliance must be considered in the context of his Algerian problem. Too often he is represented in Britain as a man of petty and archaic vanity: the misunderstanding which dogged him during the war years is once again in evidence. But he is seldom, if ever, difficult without a reason. In 1940 he had to show the world, and his own compatriots, that France was still a great nation: he had to take upon himself the greatness which his country was not at the time showing. Now he has to com-

pensate the loss of face which France must suffer in Algeria by a visible enhancement of prestige in the world at large. The Khrushchev visit will demonstrate that France is on a par with Britain, if not with the United States, and a similar purpose is served by argument over the date of a "Summit" meeting. De Gaulle is a thorough-going internationalist (it was he, after all, who proposed to Churchill in 1940 the revolutionary idea that Britain and France should unite), but he believes in his country and he is also aware of its susceptibilities. As Gladstone's mission when he came to power was to pacify Ireland, so a large part of de Gaulle's has been to pacify Algeria. Let us hope he will be more successful than Gladstone, and let us meanwhile show him the sympathy and admiration he deserves.

## INDEPENDENTS AND THE ELECTION

**A**RE the British interested in elections, or does the Press succeed in persuading them that they are? The committed Press of all colours clearly has a job to do in whipping up enthusiasm and getting the waverers to the polls. The would-be independents have a more difficult task. For them it is not enough to re-write the party manifestoes and propaganda in readable prose.

Now that it is all over it is worth taking a look back at the things the independents have said, some of which no doubt the "don't knows" and the non-partisans have taken note of. Who are the independents? In this article they are taken to be the *Spectator*, *Time and Tide* and the *Economist* of the weeklies, the *Observer* and, although its Liberal past would keep breaking through, the *Guardian*. What were they saying during the campaign and what effect did it all have?

### The Economist

From the start the *Economist* believed in a Conservative victory and did not seem

unduly worried at the prospect. On 12 September it stated that the "uncommitted voter (and the independent newspaper) would very much like to say that now is the time for a change": but what better alternative was there? On the whole the *Economist*, though it had reservations on some parts of Conservative policy, held to the view that there was nothing better on offer.

The service provided by the *Economist* during the Election campaign was quite outstanding. Only, perhaps, in the *Observer* could the reasonably informed reader find the issues and the background facts so well and clearly set out. The issue of 12 September had an article on "The Economic Issues", which was followed by articles on the party manifestoes in the next two weeks, all three of which were damned for avoiding the real issues and coming out on the things the party managers thought would win votes. The arithmetic of the Election was carefully described in notes and articles throughout the campaign.

"The Helpless Majority" on 19 September stated the simple but universally disregarded fact that nobody, "not even in election campaigns, ever hears anything about English claims to self-determination." The simple Saxon readers of this article must have felt, for the moment at any rate, an acute feeling of annoyance at the attention paid to the Nationalist Welsh, Scots and Ulstermen who lobby so successfully at their expense.

A round-the-constituencies feature appeared on 19 and 26 September and 4 October, which very effectively analysed the prospects of the parties in the marginal seats. In the course of this, both sides took some shrewd blows. Perhaps the most pointed article printed by the *Economist* during the campaign was "Auctioneering" on 26 September. Bad as the Conservative manifesto was, that of the Labour Party "was even worse", and the Liberals had managed one "only a little better"—so ran the argument. In the Labour manifesto "every shorn lamb is to have every unkind wind tempered for it, every lame duck is to be promised a feather bed and asked for its vote." The Liberals on the other hand performed their "expected soft shoe shuffle over agricultural protection" but "there is a slightly less pervasive aroma from the pork barrel in this manifesto than in either of the other two parties' efforts."

The question of what kind of opposition is now needed in the country, which featured so largely in other parts of the independent Press, was dealt with by the *Economist* in an article on 26 September called "Third Force Needed?". In this the value of voting Liberal in selected constituencies was considered in order to further that function of Parliament which enables "the individual to be spoken for against government by any party, against bureaucratic inflexibility, against *raison d'état*." Was it not necessary to have independent criticism in the new Parliament, especially "if we are really going to have the Tories again for another round"?

The special articles on the campaign in this issue had some searching criticisms of the Conservative organisation. Anyone who has had dealings with the constituency agents would agree with the view that "those busy, competent, friendly men seem to be oddly out of touch with reality" . . . "They seem to be wholly ignorant about what really moves the electorate", although

"supposed to be full-time professionals." These criticisms do not apply to all Conservative agents by any means. But there is little doubt that one of the most important pieces of post-Election thinking that the Party requires is a careful re-examination of the work it expects its agents to do.

On 3 October, the *Economist* decided it was anybody's Election. The leading article "Thursday's Child" made a searching analysis of the issues involved. The reader was reminded that after the Suez affair the *Economist* had suggested that the choice before the British people was between "a Conservative Party that sought to wield the authority of 1927 long after it had vanished, and a Labour Party that promised to spend the wealth of 1987 long before it had been created." These were seen as the essential issues in the campaign. Mr. Macmillan was given credit for having "repaired the trans-Atlantic alliance" and rebuilt "Commonwealth bridges". Mr. Gaitskell, on the other hand, was praised for "weaning away his party's policies from the siege egalitarianism of a poverty-stricken community to the expansionist aspiration of a society which is becoming affluent." But, after consideration, the article concluded that a Labour Government might "for the sake of outdated ideas" stop the expansion of the economy. The Conservatives need "a new forward look" but nevertheless "deserve a vote, if not of confidence, then of hope."

### The Spectator

The *Spectator* started fighting the Election campaign with a series of articles by Taper in August. With the date of the Election uncertain, it was clearly prudent to let him get his three straight articles on the policies of the parties out of the way. The first issue after Mr. Macmillan's announcement, that of 11 September, waded straight in with a leader entitled "Don't Trust Them". It turned out that "them" referred to "politicians in general" and the general tone was one of disenchantment and of a balance of disadvantages. It was pointed out that the Government's record on foreign affairs "has been so disgraceful that it becomes very hard to contemplate lending it support." At the same time "the prospect of Aneurin Bevan at the Foreign Office makes even the possibility of a continuance of Selwyn Lloyd . . . seem less tiresome."



## INDEPENDENTS AND THE ELECTION

Elsewhere Taper wrote a conversation piece called "Retreat from Moscow". Pharos had a note describing as "a typical exercise in political squalor", the meeting between the party whips to decide on the television arrangements for the Election. Christopher Hollis compared Mr. Hurry's conclusions with Dr. Hill's television performance greatly to the former's advantage, and that was all about the Election for that week.

In the issue of 18 September the front cover and eight inside pages were devoted to an extremely interesting article by Charles Curran, "Stalin Merely Smiled", which had nothing to do with the Election. The leader "Good Luck—Or Good Judgement" gave some hard knocks all round (for example, at Mr. Gaitskell "who could be, and recently was, mistaken for a substitute barber" and at Conservative candidates, who could not hope to defend the Government's record on foreign affairs "against even sub-standard heckling"). Ministers appeared to have "won their economic victories as their ancestors won the Empire: in a fit of absence of mind." The piece ended with the question; "Would Labour have done any better? And might they not do a lot worse?" Taper had a conversation piece "Advance from Blackpool". Pharos recanted his statement of the previous week about the whips' meeting, having found that both BBC and ITA were represented. And that was the end of another week.

The third Election issue, 25 September, had a lively cover drawing attention to a trilogy on "How Not To Vote" by Mark Bonham Carter, Roy Jenkins and J. E. S. Simon. The leader "Pursuit of the Uncommitted" was largely a commentary on the Labour Party in the light of these three offerings. Labour's lack of unity was put alongside Government disunity over Suez. The big problem for Labour would be wages and the cost of living, and the unions' habit of submitting wage claims. On this issue Mr. Macmillan "whatever his other faults, is in a stronger position to handle any crisis which may arise" than a Labour Prime Minister would be. But the question of Labour's suitability for office was left over to see what the campaign held. Taper returned to his best knockabout style, and delivered some shrewd blows at Mr. Patrick Maitland which, if reports of the latter's speeches had been at all accurate, were well deserved.

The quietness of the campaign worried Taper and he wondered whether the Labour Party machine really had improved enough to overcome the psephologists' nightmare of "differential abstention". The fact that the Party's manifesto had been issued on a Friday made him think the entire Transport House Press department should be sacked. He ended rather despairingly looking for a positive issue on which Labour could fight, while "the minutes are ticking by".

Pharos found it hard to believe that "many floating voters were impressed by the Conservatives' first TV broadcast in the campaign proper." "Rab looked," he thought, "more like a candidate for 'Pagliacci' than ever", but the Chancellor's "mild persona came across amiably." Elsewhere Nicholas Davenport devoted his City column to "The Jasper Affair," which he felt "could not have come at a better time for this smear campaign". This article was the only major reference to the Jasper case.

The three issues described were clearly leading up to a climax. And on 2 October this duly came. The leader, "The Best We Can Do", weighed the Conservatives and found them wanting. Suez, Cyprus, Kenya, Nyasaland made an ugly record that could not be forgiven. The advice to the reader was simple. It was to vote for any Liberal candidate with a prospect of getting in, and in constituencies where there was a straight fight to vote Labour. So there it was. Although "by tradition conservative", stated the article, "this does not mean (and has never meant) that we automatically support whatever happens to be official Conservative Party Policy." The article ended almost regretfully by saying: "A Labour Government will have scorpions in store; but they can be borne if, by submitting to them, we can show the Conservatives that the community will no longer tolerate the dishonour of the past four years."

After that the rest of the issue could not be expected to shine very brightly. Taper belaboured the Tories for the Nigel Nicholson and Medlicott affairs, developed the violence theme with references to *Gangrene*, and eventually made his best remark of the campaign. "The two main parties in Britain seem to me to have divided the attributes of the Bourbons between them; the Tories have learned nothing and the Labour Party has forgotten nothing." Elsewhere Kingsley Amis, E. M. Forster and Lord Beveridge, Christopher Hollis, Wolf Mankowitz, Angus Wilson and Evelyn Waugh wrote some

elegant comments on the Election. Some of them even said how they would vote. And that was about it. The *Spectator* certainly went into politics head-first this time.

## Time and Tide

*Time and Tide* has the sub-title "The Independent Weekly". For the most part it has commented not on the Election campaign but on what it calls "the longer view" and "the things that matter". On 12 September its leading article called on the trade unions to set "their own house in order". And apart from a comment on the Election date that was all. On 19 September the writer of "Election by Cathode Ray" hoped that "the excessive use of television at this election" would not deal the prestige of Parliament another blow. A "Review of the Week" note asked what it called "a burning question". It was: "Has nationalisation, even in the hot-house of the mining industry, been proved the luxuriant fecund plant that shall be the source of fertilisation for the six hundred companies?" A purple sentence, if not a burning one.

For its last pre-Election issue on 3 October, the editor led off with "The Eatanswill Election". Both parties were accused of "insulting the intelligence of the electorate" with unrealistic programmes. The Conservative manifesto had not dealt with inflation, the need to curb public expenditure and give further tax relief. The Labour Party on the other hand had flouted "all the principles of sound finance," and had made "a massive bribe" in the form of a ten shillings pension increase. The Liberals were credited with knowing that "taxation is inherently evil" but will nevertheless promise "to dish out" benefits from the "taxpayers' money". In the end it appeared that the Conservatives might be a slightly lesser evil than the Labour Party, but they would probably run into a "major financial crisis" if they went on as they had been doing. However, if they did they had the men "capable of dealing with such a crisis". The rest of the paper had not much to say about the Election. The Jasper case was favourably compared with the groundnuts scheme in one note, and another thought that Messrs. Macmillan and Gaitskell were "modelling themselves on the leaders of the nineteen-thirties." "Mr. Pepys' Election Diary" was well-meant but by no means the merriest of jests. Messrs. John Connell, Robin Black-

burn and Roger Fulford wrote articles on why they would vote Conservative, Labour and Liberal respectively. Diogenes sounded off on "Elections I have known", and Mr. Correlli Barnett wrote about (party) organisation men. Anyone relying on *Time and Tide* for advice on how to vote would have found himself in a frustrating position. Indeed it almost looks as though the four issues published during the Election period were written for and by the "don't knows".

## The Observer

The *Observer* covered the Election very thoroughly. The issue of 13 September contained a four-page Election Guide by David Butler and Robert Mackenzie that gave the enquiring voter the main political and psephological answers. The other special feature was the first of a series of four articles by A. T. Liebling of the *New Yorker*. Elsewhere some of the regular features took on an election look. The Political Diary was at its lively best pointing out that it was Mr. Bevan and Vicky, not Colman, Prentis and Varley who had invented Supremac, and followed this with the remark that "one of the mysteries of politics is how Mr. Greenwood manages to get on to the Executive year after year". On another page the "Profile" said kind things about Mr. Jo Grimond, and Andrew Shonfield called for a radical approach to economic policy.

On 20 September the leading article on "Economic Issues" conceded that the Government had "quite a respectable record" in the economic field. Labour was clearly anxious to expand production but had not explained what its policies would be either on the trade union front or in its relations with private industry. On the same page Sir Roy Harrod explained why he would vote Conservative. The Political Correspondent examined the opinion polls and gave a perfect thumbnail sketch of the Transport House meeting on the manifesto ending "Mr. Gaitskell who wore a red tie, and Mr. Bevan who did not—how time marches on".

Mr. Liebling headed his piece "Boom Boom Boom" and looked at Bermondsey, various marginals and the *Queen* magazine. But the item that attracted most attention in this issue was the front page story "Four Polls from one Source". This implied that "a single firm in Regent Street" served as a "common source" for four major public

## INDEPENDENTS AND THE ELECTION

opinion polls. This story was followed in various directions by the daily Press for several days and made it possible for the public to form a clearer view of the relative merits of the opinion polls available. On 27 September there was an article by Robert Mackenzie arguing that Labour's one hope of overtaking the Conservatives was by making "a maximum use of the new mass media to 'project' Mr. Gaitskell as a more attractive and able Prime Minister than Mr. Macmillan." To this "Producing the TV Politician" on another page provided an interesting background commentary. Andrew Shonfield thought politicians on both sides had "too little faith" in the ability of British industry to do "the things that the Germans have done with little trouble in the past year or two". The "Profile" this week left politics for Brigitte Bardot. Mr. Liebling called round on Colman, Prentis and Varley but only met a Mr. Tucker. After that he went on to South-West Norfolk and Hull. Pendennis discussed "The Next but Three" Tory Prime Ministers. The selection offered ranged over Messrs. Maudling, Rippon, Joseph, Price, Kirk and the Bow Group. Two references to the editor of this journal—"friendship for young Altrincham" in the case of Sir Edward Boyle, and of Peter Kirk that he "worked for Lord Altrincham's Review"—were introduced in a puckish and somewhat ambiguous vein.

On the centre page A. J. Ayer, Wykeham Professor of Logic at Oxford, explained why he would vote Labour. "Forward the Radicals", the second leader (Mr. K. had the first) concluded that both the main parties "have shown an equal lack of reforming zeal in the field of family law". No one, "not even the Liberals", has taken up the "idea of the Scandinavian Ombudsman". But on the whole this article was more concerned to show which are the "bleak spots in the Welfare State".

And so to 4 October, the last opportunity to say anything that would influence the electors. Everything else in this issue was dwarfed by the leader on "The Big Issues". This explained that "no great issue in social or economic policy" had emerged to compel the *Observer* to abandon the neutral position it had taken in every Election "since we became a non-party paper in 1942". However, Britain does not live in isolation and "there is evidence . . . that the Conservatives have not yet adjusted their

thinking to the facts of the modern world, and to the part which Britain can successfully play in it". After discussing the Suez affair, Central Africa, who should go to the Summit and the control of nuclear weapons it decided that "the Conservatives seem the least likely of the three" to prevent "the spread of nuclear weapons". And the article concluded: "Since we believe that an understanding of Britain's possible role in world affairs is by far the most important asset for a British Government to possess—ininitely more important than either the nationalisation of steel or the removal of purchase tax—we have no alternative but to prefer both the Labour and Liberal Parties to the Conservatives on Thursday."

After that the reader could let his eye wander across the page to an article by the Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, on "Why I shall vote Liberal". Or he could see what Mr. Liebling had to say about Mr. Macmillan's visit to Glasgow or Pendennis on "Mr. Gaitskell's Poodles", with Messrs. Crosland, Jenkins, Benn and Healey as the main exhibits.

### The Guardian

Of the dailies the *Guardian*, though less loudly Liberal than the *News Chronicle*, was nevertheless steadily against the Government throughout the campaign. Back on 9 September when the announcement of the Election date was made the *Guardian* gave its record a thorough working over. "One must ask whether full confidence can ever again be given to Ministers who backed the Suez policy, most notably to Mr. Macmillan". Although the Prime Minister had rebuilt the Western Alliance his Government had been responsible for "coercion and deportation as a substitute for policy in Cyprus . . . and for the misfortunes of Nyasaland". The domestic policies of the Labour Party were critically examined and it was doubted if it "has shaken off its sectional attachment to trade union interests." Mr. Gaitskell and the moderates had "worked wonders in adapting nineteenth-century socialism to the needs of today". Nevertheless "a further period out of office might be best for them—so that they may finally shake off old doctrines, perhaps by grafting of the new Liberals to them in a stronger radical movement. But that would mean a third term for the Conservatives, which might not be the best way . . ."

The reporting of the meetings and other

incidentals of the campaign was in true *Guardian* style. For example, the "Tory Swindle" pamphlet was described as "by Geraldine House out of Transport House" (10 September). The Conservative manifesto, it thought, was written "in the manner of the chairman of a company that has been doing well" (12 September). On 15 September the leading article entitled "The Radicals" said that the Liberal touch was concerned with individual freedom within a welfare society, as well as the bomb, the Commonwealth and the expanding society". On 16 September Mr. Grimond's statement of policy was welcomed. Many crucial questions were left unanswered but it provided "shelter for political refugees".

From then on the *Guardian* followed a line broadly along the Left of the traditional front of Liberal policy. Both the main parties came in for criticism as the campaign progressed. "Rotten Boroughs", a leader on 18 September, criticised the fact that some seats were in the gift of trade unions and that many of the N.U.M.'s nominees are "notorious nonentities". Mr. Norman Shrapnel had some very shrewd things to say on the meetings he covered. At Swansea on 25 September Mr. Macmillan's meeting was reported under the double heading "Land of Our Fathers", "And of Hope and Glory". On the Prime Minister's speech: "Nobody was likely, indeed, to disagree with anything he said. For it was an all-ticket meeting . . ."

As the campaign came to an end the reporting became livelier, and the advice to the electorate clearer. On 7 October the final decision was given in a leader headed "The Choice". This went over the ground again very thoroughly. "The Conservatives in our view are unreliable", as proved by

events in Suez, Cyprus and Nyasaland. At home production stood still from 1955 up to last year and "there has been no consistent policy of encouraging capital investment". The Labour Party campaign was seen as "a triumph for Mr. Gaitskell and his team". It was "a pity" that steel and road haulage nationalisation plans had not been dropped. However, "the ghosts of austerity have been exorcised; it is no longer a sin for a Socialist to want a car and a holiday abroad". In foreign policy Labour "has at times let itself be led by the Liberals", and might be again. The article concluded that "in a straight fight Labour is to be preferred to the Conservatives. But in a three-cornered contest the Liberals deserve support except when their chances are negligible and Labour's are good." There was a final caveat that some account should be taken of the merits of individual candidates. "It would be as hard to vote against Mr. Butler in Saffron Walden as to vote for the more extreme members of Victory for Socialism." So in that sense "people count."

The line-up of the independent Press was, therefore, three for Labour (with Liberal reservation) one for the Conservatives and one "don't know". What effect this had on the result it is too soon to say. Certainly the increased Liberal vote must have been partly due to some readers taking the advice of the *Observer*, *Guardian* and *Spectator*. But some of the rise in support for the Government may equally well have come from readers whose resolve to vote Tory was strengthened by the independents' Left turn. It will be interesting to see how the psephologists apportion responsibility for what happened.

RICHARD BAILEY.

## Dossier No. 16

# PEARL HYDE

"THERE'S some mooney in there." In and around the Fountain Feature which brings the Spanish Steps to Mr. Arthur Ling's Shopping Precinct, the Midland urchins squall and squabble, rampant as in a drawing by Phiz, more sturdily raucous owing to the Welfare State. The "interesting" pattern of coloured paving

stones is already largely worn off. The Coventry Chamber of Commerce insisted upon a road being driven through the pedestrian Precinct; but Mr. Ling, a Peter the Great by temperament, has got it shut again, and most of it filled in. Even the Fountains of Rome, one reflects, are made hideous by ragged and screaming ragazzi;

## PEARL HYDE

it is not to be expected that the new Coventry will be built in a day.

Mr. Ling himself acknowledges the need for "independent works of architecture", and has tentatively contributed a café (the *Lady Godiva*, of course) like a tulip on a stalk (or a miniature of the Skovbakken Tower at Aalborg), where they sell hot dogs, ice cream, and other seasonable near-edibles. But, on the face of it, the basic need, as always in matters of art, is for some slight interest among the audience: a few of the shops in Coventry are well designed, but there is not a window in the whole city which offers anything to be noticed that is not both mass-produced and dreary; even more sinister, you never see a well-dressed woman (except Pearl Hyde), or seldom a pretty girl (Mrs. Hyde is no longer a girl). Mr. Priestley, in a moment of insight, called the place a mining camp. On the face of it, it is true, though the gusto is utterly absent.

£50 a week comes into the average household on the motor works perimeter; if more than £2 15s. 0d. a week is demanded in rent, there is a political agitation; if the works shut for more than a fortnight, there are destitution and mass applications for public relief; a recent enquiry disclosed that what they mainly spend their money on is cars, television sets, and coach tours. On the other hand, the Belgrade Theatre, which cost the City Council £219,000, and was widely expected to be the whitest of elephants, is so successful that it is often difficult to get into it; the *Leofric* is one of the happiest and suavest hotels in Europe; and there is the remarkable tale of the Music Festival, about which a word below. Coventry stands at the watershed of the modern world. At Coventry, the egalitarian materialism of Western society will either fructify into a new civilisation, or finally lose itself in a maze of ever more autonomous machines. This, and the Renaissance figure of Mrs. Hyde, who may drive events the right way, make Coventry the most exciting town in Great Britain to visit, even if not necessarily to live in.

**A**LDERMAN Mrs. Pearl Marguerite Hyde, M.B.E., shows what energy, brilliance, magnanimity, and an imposing stature can today accomplish, even in the most unlikely milieu; for she has done it all since 1937 in English municipal life. "First lady of the city, and friend of all,"



MRS. PEARL HYDE. BY PETER SCOTT.

said *Shire and Spire*, the clerical organ. "The Cleopatra of Coventry," said Councillor Richards, on behalf of the minority Conservative group, when "supporting" her election as Lord Mayor in 1957. But the *Toronto Globe and Mail* hit upon the *mot juste*, on the occasion of Mrs. Hyde's fantastically successful visit to Canada and the United States: "A cross between a British music-hall star and royalty."

In fact, she stems from the halls (she was a chorus girl at the outset) and the licensed trade (her father was a publican, as was her uncle, who reared her after the early death of both her parents); and no finer twin origins can be found in Great Britain. As for royalty, she looks and behaves like an empress, a wise and gay empress; and when she visited St. Etienne, one of Coventry's "friendship towns" (others are Kiel and Stalingrad), the French paper reported that, as a Council Member (the only woman to be so) of the International Association for Fire Protection and Extinction, she "asked a series of precise questions about hydrant points, cubic contents and pressures which would make a fire brigade inspector turn green with envy." One identifies the approach.

Mrs. Hyde is also the only woman on the Executive of the Aerodrome Owners Association (to qualify for which ascents in every kind of aircraft, including helicopters and gliders, are at least morally necessary); and on the Severn River Board, where she is



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Vice-Chairman of the Pollution Committee. She has been Chairman of the Police, Waterworks, Fire Brigade, and Civil Defence Committees of the Coventry Council, and is currently Chairman of the Airport Committee. She has been for twenty-one years the representative in the Labour interest of the Walsgrave and Binley Ward, and in 1952 was appointed Alderman of the Godiva Ward (the City centre), being reappointed in 1958. Before being elected by Walsgrave and Binley, she had been defeated on three occasions in the Westwood Ward. Before that, and before standing at all, she attended every meeting of the Council for seven years as a member of the public — as unusual a reason for election as for wishing to be a candidate. It was during the War that she became a national figure: as County Borough Organiser of the W.V.S., she had 6,000 women under her authority, and administered the famous Devil's Kitchen, serving soup and saving lives while the bombs whistled down, the fires blazed, and the lava of history passed over the congested old streets. At the same time, aptly enough, she was Welfare Officer to E.N.S.A.

These are some of the facts. They are remarkable; they must be recounted; but

they tend to mislead. It is possible that a few others (though not women) in municipal life have a comparable record, but almost certainly all of them are unnoticeable: it is likely that none has anything to approach Pearl Hyde's vision of the city beautiful, dramatic love of life, and spaciousness of soul. That the petulant, out-of-date Labour Party can still produce such a figure (and Pearl Hyde could have come from nowhere else) at once takes one back in history and gives one hope. It is shown that the dead bones of local government can still be startled into animation.

Mrs. Hyde is a member of the Amalgamated Engineering Union. When Lord Mayor, she appealed to the trade union movement to "turn its attention to the question of leisure — real leisure. The four-day week: if it were introduced, what are you going to do with the other three days?" The question remains the most gaping void in the dream world of Transport House.

The Coventry Music Festival was devised by Mrs. Hyde and Mr. Sam Newsome, the enlightened and charming industrialist who is Managing Director of the Coventry Theatre. When Lord Mayor, Mrs. Hyde took on the Chairmanship of the Festival Committee, and raised a huge sum in guarantees. In the upshot, this improbable event filled 14,000 of the 16,000 available seats, and lost only a few hundred pounds. This year, with Mrs. Hyde still Chairman, Sir Thomas Beecham is to conduct two of the concerts.

When the Duchess of Kent was about to open the Belgrade Theatre the Lord Mayor convened a public meeting in the ancient St. Mary's Hall, whereat to establish a supporters' club. More than 600 attended, and 416 joined forthwith, the Lord Mayor being the first. Followers of the modern British drama will appreciate what these figures mean. The club has changed the entire prospect for the Belgrade.

When The Inland Waterways Association promoted its Coventry Rally of Boats, Mrs. Hyde at once grasped the importance of the whole movement for the revival of British rivers and canals under a new national authority, and gave more generous and energetic help than it was possible to believe. She remains the very active Patron of the Coventry Canal Society, set up at that time; and while she lives, the Coventry Canal has little to fear. At present, the Pearl Hyde Trust is acquiring a narrow boat to be used for refreshing the old age pensioners



*Coventry Evening Telegraph*

MRS. PEARL HYDE, LORD MAYOR OF COVENTRY, WITH THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT THE OPENING OF THE BELGRADE THEATRE IN MARCH, 1958.

## SUCCESS STORY

and enlightening the uninformed.

Pearl Hyde is more than six feet tall, weighs more than 200 lbs. (American), has hair rather like that of Mae West, and dresses like Catherine the Great. She is in her early fifties, and is by profession a welfare officer for Messrs. Lea-Francis. She has made for Coventry a special group of friends all over the land, who suspend politics; indeed, all over the world. The last official visit of her scintillating Lord Mayoralty was to East and West Berlin. She must have brought life and hope to both.

\* \* \*

Two matters arise of general importance.

When Mrs. Hyde's term as Lord Mayor ended in May last year, the *Daily Herald* recorded a demand "unique and uproarious, supported by tens of thousands of citizens," that she should serve a second term. This was constitutionally impossible; and not only Coventry but the whole nation (including the export trade) suffer in consequence.

Similarly, service as Chairman of a Council Committee is limited to three years. During the first, the Chairman is feeling his way. During the second, he is gaining confidence. At the end of the third, he is out for ever. It is a perfect technique for throwing away ability and rendering municipal life drab, unattractive, and official-dominated.

The second point is that, as Pearl Hyde is still young by modern political standards, has more energy than the sum of any five approved political *répétiteurs*, and emerges unmistakably as one of the most gifted women in the country, as well as one of the most popular, the Labour Party will be parochial indeed if it fails forthwith to navigate her to Westminster. There is no limit to what she might achieve, if achievement is still wanted; from the capacity for mastering detail to the capacity for consistent policy on a wide front, she has it all. In particular, she has the capacity for leading the masses to goals beyond their seeing but necessary for their survival, which elsewhere is so desperately lacking.

## SUCCESS STORY

### PART ONE

(Shuffling in court).

"WELL, go on officer, let's hear what you have to say."

"Well, Your Worship, I was proceeding along my beat, which includes the Hyde Park side of Park Lane, on the 20th of last month. At 2 a.m. I saw the accused sitting on a bench outside the Park. He was still there when I passed again at 2.20 a.m. on my beat. He was still there at 5.30 a.m. when I was due to go off duty. I approached him and asked him if he was waiting for something. We have instructions to move on loiterers at that hour of the morning. I was following my instructions. He said to me: 'I'm looking at the moon.' I said to him: 'If I was you I would go home.' He said to me: 'Ah!'"

"What was that, officer?"

"Ah! Your Worship. There was a moon and he was doing no harm, so I cautioned him and went off duty. It occurred to me he might have been a meteorological gentleman. Next evening he was there again. I approached him again and asked him if he was studying the moon, hoping to find out

if he was a meteorological gentleman. He said: 'I am not studying it, I am absorbing it.' When I enquired if he felt all right, he refused to answer. He became abusive when I asked him if he had a home to go to. I cautioned him and asked him to accompany me to the station. There he refused to answer any further questions. He was found to have no money in his pockets and no visible means of support. He was therefore charged with vagrancy under the Act."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, Your Worship."

"Mr. — Smith, do you want to ask the officer any questions?"

"No thank you — Your Worship."

"Well, now, do you want to give evidence from where you are, or in the witness box under oath?"

"I'll tell the truth without taking an oath, if you don't mind. I haven't anything to say, really. I was sitting absorbing the moon. He was quite right. I didn't know it was a criminal offence, that's all."

"Why were you — absorbing the moon?"

"I'm a poet. I always write about the moon. I have to absorb some first before I can get it out of my system."

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"Why didn't you tell the officer that?"

"He only wanted to know if I was a weather forecaster. When he found I wasn't, he arrested me as a vagrant."

"But you had no money in your pockets. Under British law if you have no visible means of support you can be charged as a vagrant."

"You don't need money to absorb the moon."

"Have you any money?"

"No."

"How do you eat? Where do you sleep?"

"With friends. They're here if you don't believe me."

"Don't you work?"

"I'm a poet. That's a full-time job."

"If you write poems, presumably somebody publishes them and pays for them?"

"The people who pay for publishing poems don't like my poems. Editors who do like them don't pay for publishing them."

"Do you mean you write for nothing?"

"I write poetry. Little magazines publish it. They don't pay."

"It seems to me you ought to change your job."

"You can't stop being a poet."

"Or you ought to write poems people like?"

"I can only write about the moon."

"Well, do you intend to go on earning no money at all all your life, living off your friends?"

"Oh no, I think they'll pay me one day. One way or another. But poets only do well later on. T. S. Eliot's a director of a publishing house. He gets paid for whatever he writes. Then Stephen Spender gets paid for editing a magazine which publishes what he writes. It's just a matter of time. There are four or five poets working at the B.B.C., writing poetry. They have sinecures. Like the Poet Laureate only more literary."

"Have you tried to get a job at the B.B.C.?"

"Oh yes, of course. But there aren't any sinecures left. I'd have to write scripts for schools or something. I couldn't do that."

"Well, why don't you try to get some help from the Ministry of Labour and National Service? They might find you a job writing poetry about the moon for an advertising agency?"

"I tried. I went to Hammersmith Labour Exchange and put myself down for a job as a poet. The clerk there wasn't very bright. He just said there wasn't anything doing at

the moment. Was there anything else? I said I couldn't do anything else. I've never had any other sort of job since I left school. He wanted to give me a job as a clerk. When I said I wouldn't have it, he took me to the manager. He said they oughtn't to have registered me because there was no work of that type available in Britain. I said there was and gave him a list of poets working as poets, or at least doing nothing else but write poetry. Then he said he thought I was a Class II Self-Employed Person and he sent me to the Ministry of Pensions in Kensington High Street for what he called a ruling. There they got out the National Insurance Act, 1946, and read me the definition of a Class I or Employed Person. One with a contract of service under which the employer exercises control over the employee. They said poets weren't on the list of controllable persons. I said I wanted to take this up with their Tribunal and wanted some money to be going on with in the meantime. That was one of the reasons why I went to the Labour Exchange in the first place. If they couldn't find me a job, they ought to pay me something to live on while they're looking for one. This is a Welfare State, I read somewhere."

"Did they give you any money?"

"They put my name down for a hearing at the Tribunal and gave me a note to take to the National Assistance Board at Brook Green. They gave me £2 12s. 4d. I went there every week and got the same amount of money. Then I got a letter saying they had agreed to accept me as an employed person until the Tribunal met. I would have to go to Hammersmith and make myself available for employment. I went back there and when they said I had to broaden my availability for employment I said I wouldn't mind writing jingles for an advertising agency."

"Did they find you a suitable post?"

"No, they said they hadn't any vacancies. So I asked them if this meant I had to go back to the National Assistance Board. They said I ought to draw employment benefit now I was registered temporarily as employed. Then they said I couldn't have any because my insurance card wasn't stamped. So they sent me back to Brook Green, where I got my £2 12s. 4d. again. I went three times a week to Hammersmith and once a week to Brook Green for three weeks. Then they sent me a letter saying my temporary classification as employed

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had been withdrawn and that I would be classified in future as non-employed. So I went along to see a friend of mine who writes verse for a woman's magazine. His wife's the editor and she stamps his card as an employed person. I sent his card off to Hammersmith. I still haven't heard from the Tribunal. And they won't give me any more money at the National Assistance Board. That's why I haven't got any money."

(Smith was fined forty shillings, was unable to pay and committed to prison as a debtor.)

### PART TWO

Smith became famous as the only English Poet since the War to go to prison for his beliefs. His life story was published, in an edited version, dramatised and filmed. He is now a respected member of the panel appearing in a popular TV programme. The magistrates concerned have all subsequently been retired. The staff at Hammersmith Labour Exchange and Brook Green National Assistance Board have been transferred to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

There is a blue and white plaque affixed to the bench in Hyde Park where this success story all began.

ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor, National and English Review*

### THE CHOICE

*From Miss Enid Lakeman*

SIR,—In your article "The Choice" you say that we should have majority rule and that "it must be evident that this can best be achieved within a two-party system". Far from being "evident", this is quite untrue. Under our electoral system the existence of only two parties would give no guarantee whatsoever that the majority would rule, but on the contrary would make practically certain the passage of much legislation not wanted by the majority.

As the example of South Africa should have made plain, a General Election under our system can be everywhere a straight fight between only two parties, yet can

result in victory for the party with the fewer supporters—because a party so distributed as to have small majorities in many places will beat a party that has more votes but which wastes them by piling up huge majorities in a few places.

Moreover, even if the party in power has a genuine majority of the votes, it will probably do many things that the majority oppose. For instance, Labour might have secured a majority owing to popular disgust with some Conservative blunder in, say, foreign affairs; this would not have implied majority approval for re-nationalising steel, but that measure would have gone through.

Such a negation of majority rule would be prevented if the Liberals were in a balancing position—as they would have been in the 1945 Parliament if seats in the House had corresponded with the votes cast for the various parties. At that time, the nationalisation measures to which few violently objected (e.g. railways) would have gone through, but the others would have been defeated by the combined opposition of Liberals and Conservatives.

It would also be prevented if (whether there were only two parties or more) an M.P. were not coerced into voting for something he considers wrong. It is now known that some Labour M.P.s, to say nothing of many thousand Labour voters, did not want steel nationalised, but they all voted for it. This excess of party discipline rests on the fact that an M.P. owes his seat to the support of his party organisation and is liable to suffer the fate of Nigel Nicolson or "Featherbed" Evans if he uses his own judgment. The cure is to change our electoral system so as to give each voter a free choice among different candidates of each party, enabling the Conservative voters in Bournemouth, for example, to re-elect Nicolson over the head of an official Conservative nominee, if they so wish.

The existence of that power for the voters under P.R. was, I believe, the main reason why the Irish electors last June voted to retain that system, rejecting their Government's efforts to impose on them the system we have here and which our two big party machines seek to retain because of the enormous power it gives them.

Yours faithfully,

ENID LAKEMAN.

*Liberal Central Committee Rooms,  
17, Station Road,  
Aldershot.*



**T**HE WICKED TORIES are back, and it gets darker earlier every evening. The Labour candidate at Carlisle promised his parched voters rain if they would return him to Westminster, but nobody seems to have offered the electorate *light* — which is much easier to provide and more generally loved. All that has to be done is to continue Daylight Saving throughout the year — and if necessary double it in the Summer — as we did in the War. What possible objections are there? Clearly they were overruled then. No doubt a screech would go up from the farmers; they would have to leave their featherbeds a little earlier. But what percentage of the population is now engaged in milking cows? In any case, there is overproduction of milk, and this might prove a cheap and effective way of pushing the lazier and less efficient producers out of the business.

Perhaps the coal-miners would object. Less electricity would certainly be used, but electricity bills would be lower and might even knock a part of a point off the cost of living. Anyway let the pros and cons be worked out and publicised; all the statistics are clearly available. Daylight Saving is an entirely irrational expedient, but it is equally irrational to leave the best hours of daylight in the morning unused and unenjoyed. William Willett had a formidable task in converting his conservative generation; no doubt his successors will have trouble with ours. But at least night falls simultaneously on Bournemouth and Ebbw Vale, Grimond (assuming he is not in his sub-polar constituency), Gaitskill and Macmillan, and nobody enjoys the death of Summer on that sad autumn Sunday, when suddenly it is no longer possible to go out after tea, and Betjemanland is filled with the dismal sound of rackets and hoes being put away for the interminable Winter.

**P**ITCH DARKNESS, however, must be carefully preserved, if necessary by Statute, on the evening of November the

Fifth, our last remaining spontaneous, unaffected national festival—now that Christmas has been commercialised and almost every other genial zany custom of this nation dragged out of its innocence and televised to death. That evening we must hope the poor ravished tri-axial ellipsoid will hide her lovely face, so that nothing shall dim the splendour of our private launching-pads. The late commuter, travelling home from any London terminus, skims on his embankment through a blitz of golden rain and burning sofas, and sees illuminated for an instant the lightly toasted faces of many a father and son united in a common rapture. If he is also a sociologist he will notice that the flames are thickest in the slums, and that darkness is total in the stuffier suburbs. Perhaps fireworks are non-U.

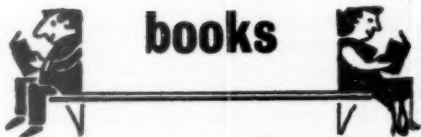
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AXMINSTER.





## PARAGON OF OLD-STYLE ROYALTY

QUEEN MARY, 1867-1953. By James Pope-Hennessy. George Allen & Unwin. 42s.

"IT was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign," Dr. Johnson observed after an interview with George III in the Library of Windsor Castle. During the past decade two other men of letters, by taking the same sensible view, have elevated the writing of Royal biographies into one of the most admired and enduring arts of English literature. There is Sir Harold Nicolson's *Life of George V*—imaginative, sympathetic, urbane, yet without a trace of sycophancy; and there is Sir John Wheeler-Bennett's *Life of George VI*—a sombre, scholarly work to match the shadows which darkened his reign.

On the same generous scale and with a mastery of his material no less impressive, James Pope-Hennessy now offers us the first comparable study ever to be written of a Queen Consort of England. His achievement is unique. Unlike his two predecessors in this specialised field, he has been prevented by his theme from drawing upon the well-documented political history of the time. Nor did he ever meet Queen Mary except for a few brief minutes. Yet from such family papers and personal recollections as were available he has reconstructed her life with a wealth of glowing detail.

This book has, however, one grave flaw. For a work which is likely to be consulted frequently in years to come its index is a disgrace. Under the names of such leading characters in the story as Queen Mary's brothers or of her aunt and faithful correspondent the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz appear only the numbers of from 50 to 100 separate pages, without a word of further help or explanation. It is a monstrous affront both to the scholarship of the author's text and to the curiosity of the reader.

Logan Pearsall Smith once wrote that a virtuous King was a King who had shirked his proper function—to embody for his subjects an ideal of illustrious misbehaviour absolutely beyond their reach.

Few still cling to this romantic conception of Monarchy. The grotesque excesses of a

George IV, the staid irregularity of a William IV, the mild misdemeanours of an Edward VII are today unthinkable. Proudly we may echo the tribute of an old lady who had just sat through a harrowing performance of *Antony and Cleopatra*. "How different," she was heard to murmur, "how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen."

Rectitude, it may be said without impertinence, imposes little hardship on a Sovereign. But this is not the only attribute expected of a 20th-century Queen. There are suggestions that she should both dedicate her life to a weary routine of State affairs and yet be more often accessible to public curiosity. The Queen's timetable and expense account are scrutinised with the same critical care once given to the merits of her racehorses or to the fashions of her guests. Some would even, from motives of the utmost loyalty, wish to deprive her of the United Kingdom as her permanent home.

Paradoxically there are also demands that the speeches delivered before a widening audience should be more daring, more unconventional, more provocative. Margot Asquith, who ruled a kingdom extending only the length of Downing Street, pursued this argument with characteristic lack of charity when staying at Windsor half a century ago. "Royal persons," she wrote, "are necessarily divorced from the true opinions of people that count, and are almost always obliged to take safe and commonplace views. To them, clever men are 'prigs'; clever women 'too advanced'; Liberals are 'Socialists'; the uninteresting 'pleasant'; the interesting 'intriguers'; and the dreamer 'mad'."

With so indiscreet a diarist in their midst, it is hardly surprising that her Royal hosts were reluctant to reveal their private thoughts. Yet Mrs. Asquith's sharp words embody some truth. The more members of the Royal Family are urged to make public appearances and speeches often carried by television into the homes of millions of their subjects, the more carefully must they guard against giving offence to any section of their audience. A floodlit Monarchy dare not allow itself the same freedom of comment, still less the same luxury of eccentricity, as those who are not born to reign. The last Sovereign to flout this convention was Edward VIII.

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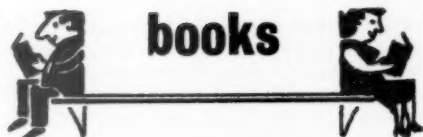
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public opinion; in old age she welcomed with enthusiasm the broader and swifter currents of her grand-daughter's reign. Never, it is true, was she required to bear the burdens of a Sovereign. But so much of her life was devoted—we may sometimes be tempted to say sacrificed—to the needs of her husband that in a sense she epitomised the Royal revolution which spanned two centuries.

Eyebrows were raised when, after the death of the Duke of Clarence in 1892, Princess May (as she was then called) transferred her love to his brother. She became engaged to one in December, 1891, and was married to the other in July, 1893. It would be misleading to suggest that so nimble a change of affection was the result of the Princess's calculating ambition—though such a speculation still persists. The marriage was largely managed by Queen Victoria, and two bewildered and sad young people found much happiness in her solution.

"We suit each other admirably and I thank God every day that he should have brought us together, especially under the tragic circumstances of dear Eddy's death," wrote King George to his wife in 1911. Throughout his life he could hardly bear to be parted from her for a single day. Queen Mary, though not otherwise passionate, responded with selfless

and sustained fervour. In this passage by Mr. Pope-Hennessy lies the mainspring of her existence:

"The fact that the new King-Emperor was her husband and her cousin—the 'Georgie' she had known since childhood—in no way diminished in her eyes the lofty, solitary splendour that invested the person of the Monarch . . . She would no longer contradict him even in the family circle; she would no longer protest save in private or by letter when he was unfair to one or other of his sons, or lost his temper with any of them. She believed that all should defer to the King's slightest wish, and she made herself into a living example of her creed. Outwardly this was not a spectacular part to play. Inwardly it required a constant and dramatic exercise of imagination, foresight and self-control."

Inspired by this single-minded devotion, Queen Mary sometimes seemed to lack the sensibilities natural to a mother. None of her children has ever confessed to a happy childhood or admitted that she did much to soften the asperities of their father's rebukes. It is significant that when King Edward VIII renounced the throne in 1936 her sorrow was mingled with anger at the humiliation brought upon the Royal House. Four months later she had recovered her composure, and wrote to ask the Duke of Windsor whether she might borrow his Garter star to wear at his brother's Coronation. The frontier between courage and callousness is not always easy to determine.

In private conversation, I have been told, Queen Mary would often refer to her acquaintances as "poor so-and-so," even when they were happy, rich, well-born and in good health; their poverty lay only in their not being Royal. This appreciation of her own invulnerable position had no doubt been sharpened by early experiences as a Princess of Teck.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy guides his readers through the ante-rooms of 19th-century European Courts with immense skill and not a little relish. Queen Mary's mother, the Duchess of Teck, was herself a grand-daughter of George III and so entitled to style herself a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. Her father, however, was the son of a Duke of Württemberg who had married morganatically:

"Although on the very fringe or outskirts of the Royal family," writes the author, "Princess May was nevertheless a member of it. It was, so to speak, an honorary membership, due wholly to her mother's father's Royal blood . . . From the point of view of any marriage Princess May thus had the worst of two worlds: she was too Royal to marry an ordinary English gentleman, and not Royal enough to marry a Royalty. Or so, in the late eighteen-eighties, it seemed."



PRINCESS MAY OF TECK IN 1890

## PARAGON OF OLD-STYLE ROYALTY

Hence the malicious gossip which attended her Cinderella-like betrothal to the Duke of Clarence and, even more, her subsequent marriage to his brother. Hence, too, the coolness between Queen Mary and her sisters-in-law. To the end of her life the Princess Royal, King George V's sister, when mildly annoyed with Queen Mary, would murmur: "Poor May! poor May! with her Württemberg hands!"

There were other anxious moments during Queen Mary's early life. Surely no family has ever had so much of its dirty linen washed in public as our own Royal House. It is a sobering experience, and should always be balanced against the absence of material cares which Royalty is supposed to enjoy. Mr. Pope-Hennessy has not sought out scandal: on occasions it is the necessary substance of his theme. Yet every word has been printed with the approval of the present Queen in the interest of historical accuracy. To refrain from the slightest censorship is an act of courage on her part which deserves both applause and respect.

The moral shortcomings of the Duke of Clarence; the shifting finances of the Duchess of Teck, who at one moment owed £18,000 to local tradesmen; the indiscretions of Queen Alexandra ("that horrible *Rose Day* drive! which I dread more and more every year")—all are unfolded in the pages of this informative work. Prince Francis of Teck, Queen Mary's second brother, emerges as an almost professional black sheep. He is removed from Wellington; he loses £10,000 in a single bet at an Irish race meeting; he gives the famous Cambridge emeralds to an elderly lady-love. Queen Mary had ample opportunity of practising stoicism even before the blows which fell upon her during the last years of her life.

It would be wrong to assume that these later misfortunes—the death of her husband, the Abdication, the death of the Duke of Kent, the death of King George VI—did not cause her deep suffering. But she had too many interests and too high a sense of duty to take refuge in mournful introspection.

Her reverence for the Monarchy, her love of order and her curiosity about the past all combined to give Queen Mary a massive knowledge of Royal pedigrees and possessions. For forty years she was the calming, self-effacing figure by her husband's side, submitting without complaint to the chaff which he and his sisters poured upon her intellectual pursuits. When he died, a new and exciting world opened out for her. It is as an in-



QUEEN MARY DRIVES WITH KING GEORGE V  
TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, 1924

dustrious theatre-goer, as a tireless visitor to museums and picture galleries, as a frequent passenger through London's streets and parks in her old-fashioned Daimler, that we remember her most warmly.

Describing the christening of the present Prince of Wales in 1948, Queen Mary wrote in her diary: "I gave the baby a silver gilt cup and cover which George III had given to a godson in 1780—so that I gave a present from my great grandfather, to my great grandson 168 years later."

With so conscious a sense of continuity wedded to such virtue of purpose, small wonder that the traditions of British Monarchy were safe in her keeping or that she herself should have become a legend in her own lifetime.

KENNETH ROSE

### NEXT MONTH

Article on  
**FOXHUNTING THESE DAYS**  
and  
**DOSSIER NO. 17:**  
**IAIN MACLEOD**



## THE HUNTING OF THE DEAN

IN SEARCH OF SWIFT. By Denis Johnston.  
Hodges Figgis (Dublin): Macmillan. 36s.

SWIFT was certainly an extraordinary man. Compared to the more thorough-going and hence, as it were, more conventional neurotics of our own romantic era, his oddities end by adding up to a miracle of balance, almost—as in the case of Dr. Johnson—to a massively precarious sanity. Dr. Johnson certainly understood Swift better than most critics have done, and his *Life*, with its characteristic mixture of attraction and repulsion superbly disguised as Olympian detachment, is by far the most illuminating study of the Dean. Johnson knew what it was like to be Swift. For the eighteenth century was the heyday of the odd man in, the eccentric who imposed himself on society and compelled convention to accept him as being more richly and more deeply worldly than itself. Such an eccentric exhibited no open wound; not for him the pleasures of exhibitionism and laying bare the heart; he excelled in tortuousness and what Johnson calls "dexterous secrecy", and in the long run this is much more fascinating to the curious reader than the advertisement of a Dostoyevsky or a Baudelaire.

But such secretiveness must not be confused with hypocrisy, a vice which Swift detested above all others. He did not pretend to be other than he was: he involved his behaviour in a labyrinth of contradiction, but he was more willing to cast suspicion on his good impulses than to compound his bad ones. As Johnson observes, "he was not only careful to hide the good which he did but willingly incurred the suspicion of evil which he did not". He certainly did not hide the bitterness of his disappointment, which was of the most worldly sort; in recognition of his services to Church and State he hoped to be made a Bishop, even an Archbishop. He was the most able propagandist the Church of England has ever had, and he was rewarded with an obscure office in a country where that Church could in the nature of things make no headway. However complex his nature, Swift's ambition was of the simplest kind and would grasp at any mode that offered itself: in his youth King William offered him a Captaincy of Horse and he often regretted not having taken it. Perhaps he might have served Marlborough instead of reviling him? No doubt he would have done it with equal brilliance.

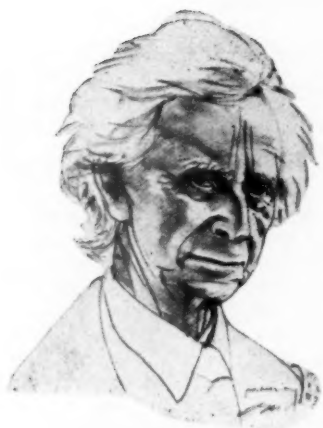
His deep moral disingenuousness, especially in matters of sex, might strike us as not uncharacteristic of the Irish! But before Swift "turned Irishman for good", as Dr Johnson put it, he was inclined to call himself an Irishman in London and an Englishman in Dublin. Other Irishmen have been known to do the same, but in fact our legendary distinctions between Celt and Saxon had hardly been invented in the eighteenth century. Never, one might say, was our intelligentsia so "Anglo-Irish" in habit, and never has there been a closer affinity between literature and political power. It seems hardly accidental that three Anglo-Irish writers—Swift, Sheridan, and Yeats—should all have had the ambition to make their mark as men of affairs as well as men of letters, and Swift's success in both fields was dazzling. In *The Conduct of the Allies* he convinced the public, in the very teeth of Marlborough's victories, that "we had been bribing our neighbours to fight their own quarrel," and (the grudging words are Johnson's) "he must be confessed to have dictated for a time the political opinions of the English nation". How "sincere" he was in all this—to use a Saxon concept which has never been much regarded by the Irish—is a question that hardly admits of an answer. In perfecting the deadpan method of satire, of which the most corrosive example is his *Modest Proposal* that the children of Ireland should be eaten as food by the landlords, he involves himself in ambiguities of feeling through which it is impossible to find a way. Yeats, who had an immense admiration for Swift, made himself a poetic philosophy out of such Anglo-Irish ambiguities of feeling—he called them "masks". But Yeats was intensely self-conscious about it all. As he resoundingly put it,

The intellect of man is forced to choose  
Perfection of the life, or of the work . . .

In other words one cannot be both a great worldly success and a great artist. But the distinction would have meant nothing to Swift. If he was a disappointed man it was not because the Whigs did not tremble before his pen, but because his own allies denied him the fruits of its power.

Literary mysteries commonly attract enthusiasts whose single-mindedness outweighs their ability, and who force their case with a disingenuousness equal to that of Swift himself, though, alas, far less brilliant. But





# WISDOM of the WEST

## *Bertrand Russell*

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JAMES HANLEY

A great novel, his most recent story of the "Fury" family. "Powerful and haunting."—*Times Literary Supplement*. "Superb."—*Birmingham Mail*. 16s.

— MACDONALD —

Mr Johnston is a happy exception. I have never read such a convincing and such a level-headed attempt to pluck out the heart of the strange mystery of Swift's private life. Mr Johnston writes with a genial sanity which makes his frequent *argumenta ad hominem* all the more easy to accept. He is inclined to believe—and I agree with him—that in spite of all the weight of gossip Swift never did actually contract a private marriage to Stella, the strange, tragic, intelligent girl who was his pupil and comforter, to whom he poured out letters in baby language which liberated him from the nerve-racking business of party life, and who bravely supported for years what must have seemed to herself and society an intolerably ambiguous position. Indeed they behaved like a devoted brother and sister who cannot admit their relationship, and for this reason it has often been suggested that they were in fact brother and sister, both the illegitimate children of Sir William Temple, the friend and patron of Swift's early manhood.

Mr. Johnston argues however—and the evidence he puts forward is both fascinating and persuasive—that it is more probable that Stella indeed stood in this relation to Sir William but that Swift himself was the natural son of his brother, Sir John Temple. This goes far to explain the extraordinary knot of embarrassments which involves the private life of the Temple family—they were rather like one of the haunted dynasties in Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett's novels—and it also overcomes the difficulty of supposing that Swift and Stella acted for years in ignorance of their relation, a state of affairs which is pretty incredible, if they really had the same father. Mr Johnston then suggests that Swift and Stella learnt of their kinship at a time when he was indeed thinking of marriage to her, and that it was this shock which darkened their last connections with each other. Mr Johnston is all the more persuasive here because he bluffly dismisses the dark pathological speculations about Swift's sex life which have so fascinated previous enquirers: Swift was evidently a man of very normal appetites and susceptibilities, and it is clear that though he almost certainly never had sexual relations with Stella his relation to the other lady in his life—Vanessa Vanhomrigh—was a much more straightforward one. There is nothing unusual about the combination in a man's life of the perfect sister figure and the attractive mistress figure,

and Swift acted as most men would in wishing at all costs to keep the two apart. It was when poor Vanessa demanded marriage, or at least to know what his intentions were about Stella, that Swift's celebrated and cruel dismissal of her took place. None of this did he attempt to conceal; he even wrote a poem, *Cadenus and Vanessa*, about it; but—and this is where the queer and characteristic moral secretiveness comes in—he did his utmost to mystify and complicate it all. He did not in the least mind being a cad, but it must be a very odd cad! It is not an edifying spectacle, but there, whether Mr. Johnston is right or not, Swift was in these matters a deeply unhappy man, a tragic figure. It is possible that his Archbishop at Dublin, who must have been sensible and discreet even among Archbishops, may have guessed or been told whatever truth there was, because when a mutual friend saw Swift leave his house, disfigured with suffering, he was told: "You have just seen the most unhappy man on earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question". Too many critics, lacking archiepiscopal discretion, have asked too many questions, but Mr. Johnston at least may well have come up with some of the right answers.

JOHN BAYLEY.

## TWICE BLESSED

GIVING AND RECEIVING. By Anthony Barker. *Faith Press*. 18s.

THE mental habit of connecting missionary work in Africa with button-booted Aunt Emmas dies hard. This delightful book of reminiscences by a mission doctor in Zululand should do as much as anything to kill it.

Anthony Barker had a real Aunt Emma of his own, and would probably never have become a mission doctor at all if he had not wanted to marry Margaret who was committed to a term of missionary service in return for her medical training. This is not to say that he did not become a dedicated missionary, but he brought an extra objectivity as well as youthful energy—he was 25 when he left Britain—to a task which demanded a great reserve of both these qualities.

His humility is reflected in the title, and in the modest preface he writes: "The pitifully small harvest of 14 years is gathered in this book. If anything good has been garnered, it owes more . . . to what I have

received from these tough, humorous and astute people than to what I have been able to give." A pity, therefore, that the designer of the book's cover gives completely the wrong impression, suggesting that it is the white hand which gives and the black hand which receives.

Humour abounds in this book, and his ability to see the patients' point of view in the most trying circumstances is remarkable. To be told, having driven a truck-ambulance over many miles of bad road to a dangerously ill woman, that she would not let him see her and had not asked him to come would anger many people; but Dr. Barker accepts the woman's logic. Suspicion he matches with patience, and the objectivity which infuses his beautifully clean writing produces this most charming comment on one very reluctant patient: "Joanna's 'No' was an art-form all to itself in its perfection of finality."

The achievements of building up a large and busy hospital on a shoe-string he makes light of; his personal modesty embraces his wife also, which is regrettable since it would have been good to learn more about an obviously remarkable woman. Instead, he concentrates on character sketches. Some of these are familiar to everyone—like the woman who calmly greeted Barker's tentative plans to operate by saying: "I wondered when you were going to make your minds up." Some are more surprising—like Old Seawater, son of King Cetshwayo, who, while being transported to hospital with dropsy, spotted a schoolgirl on the track and gave Barker the royal command: "Run her over for me."

As might be expected, his views on medicine-men are broad-minded. In a chapter called "Choose Your Own Cure" he sets out fairly their place in an African society and declares that "they have in their make-up both compassion and tenderness." His opinions on the modern position of foreign missions he puts in a final, very thoughtful chapter headed "The Self-limiting Task". He believes that too many missionaries have led "lives of sanctified self-indulgence", and thinks rather that the task should be one of self-liquidation. There is no sign of self-indulgence about Dr. Barker, and it will be a sad day if time and the Nationalist Government succeed in liquidating his achievements which rank beside the work of Trevor Huddleston and Michael Scott.

CLYDE SANGER.

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(the late Prof: Lindemann)*

'A penetrating portrait, of curious subtlety . . . facets of the Prof's personality are revealed with luminous clarity.' *Yorkshire Post*. 25s.

## WALTHER von LOEWENICH

### MODERN CATHOLICISM

A survey of Roman Catholicism from 1914 onwards by the Professor of Protestant Church History at Erlangen University, translated by Prof: R. Butler. 50s.

**MACMILLAN**

CONTINUAL ALLEGORY

MARCEL PROUST: A BIOGRAPHY. Vol. 1. By George D. Painter. Chatto & Windus. 30s.

MARCEL PROUST: A BIOGRAPHY. By Richard H. Barker. Faber. 36s.

THE AGE OF DEFEAT. By Colin Wilson. Gollancz. 16s.

THE TEN PAINS OF DEATH. By Gavin Maxwell. Longmans. 30s.

ROCKET WIFE. By Irmgard Gröttrup. Deutsch. 16s.

IT was John Keats who said that a man's life of any worth is a continual allegory. In a sense this is true of the astonishing Marcel Proust, the subject of two biographies just published. No author could have been much more unfortunate than Dr. Richard Barker, the publication of whose "Life" occurred just after Mr. George Painter's brilliant instalment of biography appeared. It will be followed by a second volume.

There is really little or no comparison between the two books. Dr. Barker has paid close attention to the autobiographical elements in the novels and to the events of Proust's life as they are revealed in his letters. There are an immense number of them, and taken together, as Dr. Barker says, "they form a record very much like that of Pepys's diary or Boswell's journal." One hopes they will soon be available in an English translation. Dr. Barker, who is no stylist, has written a competent, useful summary of Proust's febrile existence. He indicates the interlock that exists between Proust's life and that of the narrator in *Remembrance of Things Past* and *Jean Santeuil*, and he is inclined to accept Proust's view that the process of artistic creation is a completely conscious one and to imagine that this was true of Proust himself. Dr. Barker's book can be recommended for tackling a difficult sitter resolutely and drawing a good likeness, in contrast to Mr. Painter, who has painted a scrupulously detailed portrait of a fascinating subject. This first volume is indeed one of the most skilful and well written biographies to come out since the last war. The amount of research put into this labour of love (it could not have been anything else) must have been prodigious.

Mr. Painter has bided his time. He has waited until the published sources are "now adequate in quantity and quality" and has written one of the most fascinating combina-

tions of biography, detection, allusion and deduction I have ever read. This really is a definitive biography of Proust. Mr. Painter aimed at a "complete, exact and detailed narrative of his life, that is, based on every known or discoverable primary source, and on primary sources only". It would have been easy for some laborious scholar to make an entirely indigestible book about Proust, if the approach had been pedantic or dry-as-dust. The only person fit and able to write well about Proust must be a man able to write well, to have a limitless store of patience and be able to construct from the letters, novels and other sources a living picture of Proust and his circle.

In his Preface, after years of work, Mr. Painter is able to say that he has invented nothing whatever and that something like nine-tenths of his narrative is new to Proustian biography. His approach is based on the belief that *Remembrance of Things Past* cannot be fully understood without a knowledge of the life, and he justifies this belief completely. It is fascinating to see how the characters in the great novel, like swans in their symmetry, often derive from the dingiest of cygnets; people known to Proust, relations, friends and famous personages, literary and aristocratic, met by him in his aspiring social pilgrimage.

Mr. Painter shows that Proust's homosexuality was by no means complete. The widespread belief that Albertine and other young women of the novel were only disguises for men and boys whom he knew is very erroneous indeed. He shows how the geography of Proust is as real and definite as the rural lands and towns of Barsetshire. "It would be absurd," Mr. Painter says, "to suppose that Proust's greatness is in any way lessened by his reliance on reality." It would indeed, because it is the extraordinary, scrupulous sifting of things known and remembered, until the pattern is established and the best possible effects of light, colour and shade obtained, which enabled Proust to get the superlatively impressive results that may be seen in his fiction.

Soon after the first World War, before C. K. Scott-Moncrieff had begun his famous translation, I used to hunt for copies of the French edition in the bookshops of the Riviera. Usually my enquiries met with the polite suggestion that I must be wanting one of the works of the far more popular novelist, Prévost. Whatever the French themselves thought about Proust at that

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ERIC GILLET.



**records**

#### Orchestral

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Arrau's performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, magnificent in the concert hall, is a little disappointing on disc,

but still very fine. Galliera (with the Philharmonia Orchestra) was not an ideal choice to accompany: he lacks impulse. (Columbia 33CX 1653).

#### Chamber Music

Two new recordings of Schubert's "Trout" Quintet pose a familiar problem. H.M.V. have the Amadeus String Quartet (and Martin Lovett, double bass) with Hepzibah Menuhin at the piano (ALP 1733); Top Rank mono have the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet (and Josef Herman) with Denis Matthews at the piano (XRC 6007). If the pianists had changed place I would unhesitatingly go for the H.M.V., but as things are I would recommend the Top Rank because the piano part is of great importance in the work and Matthews gets to the heart of it: Miss Menuhin does not. The recording, also, is superior in the Top Rank disc.

#### Instrumental

Splendid performances of Bach's variations on *Sei gegrüßet, Jesu gütig*, Fugue in G major (BWV 577), Toccata and Fugue in F major (BWV 540) and Toccata from Widor's 5th Symphony by Ralph Downes on the Royal Festival Hall organ (Pye CCL 30158; stereo CSCL 70006). Andor Foldes completes his recordings of all Bartók's major piano works with Books 4, 5 and 6 of *Mikrokosmos* and, in addition, the *Sonatina* and a selection from *For Children*, Book 1. He is the ideal pianist for the job and no one who cares for some of the finest piano works of our time should be without this disc (D.G.G. LPM 18270).

Elly Ney, now in her seventy-eighth year, a pianist in the great tradition, has often been described as "masculine"; but her strength is coupled with great sensitivity in fine performances of Beethoven's "Pathétique" Sonata and the A flat, op. 110. These are most rewarding (D.G.G. DGM 19084). Another veteran, Moiseiwitsch, is at his grand best in a Chopin recital of Ballades, Nocturnes and Scherzi, etc. (H.M.V. CLP 1282).

#### Choral

A new label *Cantate* brings us some very good and authentic performances of works by Buxtehude and Bach. I warmly recommend Bach's church cantata *Meine Seele rühmt und preist*, a lovely work for solo tenor, with a first-rate singer, Joachim Rotzsch, and a beautiful orchestral accompaniment (T72060K), the Motet *Jesu meine*

*Freude*, with an excellent group of solo singers, choir (the Westphalian Singers) and instrumentalists (T72085L), and three choral cantatas by Buxtehude, *Alles, was mir ihr tut*, *Befiehl dem Engel*, and *Mit Fried und Freud* sung by the Griefswalder Domchor and accompanied (very discreetly) by the Berlin Bach Orchestra (T2098K).

*The Play of Daniel*, a mediaeval liturgical drama, with an American cast of admirable singers and the New York Pro Musica Orchestra is absolutely outstanding, interesting and alive from the first bar to the last in a most imaginative and artistically conceived modern reconstruction. Those who heard the play broadcast will need no pressing to purchase this admirable disc. One can only regret that the complete Latin text and translation have not been included, as they were in the American issue, but enough help is given to enable the listener to follow the course of the action (Brunswick AXTL 1086).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

## Motoring PLEASE, MR. MARPLES

TRAFFIC on the roads of Britain is said, by the Roads Campaign Council, to be half a century in advance of the country's road system. This is a very apt summing-up of the situation and one which the average motorist, caught in a queue hundreds of yards long, will heartily endorse. In twenty-five years the number of motor vehicles in use has grown from 2½ million to 8½ million, and at the current rate of increase there will be 10 million in 1962. At present there is one car to every four families, and when Mr. R. A. Butler opened the Motor Show last year he said he hoped there would be one to every two families in ten years' time.

But, whereas the motor industry has delivered the goods, the powers-that-be have not provided the roads. Construction of new highways and the improvement of old ones have lagged far behind in the post-war era, with the inevitable result that we have now more vehicles per mile of road than any other great country in the world.

It is not easy to define exactly what inadequacy as applied to roads really means, but if one attempts to drive on a popular highway at holiday time, in the morning, afternoon or evening, it soon becomes



abundantly clear. Out in the open country there may be room to move, but as soon as the narrow streets of a village, or the outskirts of a town, are reached, vehicles are slowed down to a crawl and stopped entirely when a cross stream of traffic is given right of way. The stop-and-go moves gradually back until it extends away out on to the open road and vehicles start to pile up into a lengthy queue.

Obviously the best way to prevent this congestion is to enable through traffic to circumvent towns by means of bypasses. The French have done a great deal in this direction, as every motorist knows who has taken his car over some of the great *routes nationales*. Villages where once all traffic had to find its way painfully through streets hemmed in by shops and houses—their front doors opening almost directly on to the roadway—are now avoided by continuations of the main highway which sweep grandly around the environs. France seems to be lucky in that so many of her villages have large areas of open ground in their vicinity.

When Hitler decided to build the *auto-bahnen* in Germany his conception was both bold and novel. It is true that the Italians had the idea of a true motorway in the first place, and their *autostrade* were the first attempt to cater for the motor vehicle in a modern manner. Their single track was, however, outmoded by the *auto-bahnen*, the twin-track design of which has been accepted by all other countries constructing motor roads intended to carry fast and heavy traffic. The throughways, free-ways and parkways of America, no less than the *autoroutes* of France, the new *autostrade* of Italy and the special motorways of Belgium and Switzerland—not to mention our own—are modelled on Hitler's.

How is Britain shaping when it comes to providing proper facilities for traffic to move speedily and continuously? If one looks at the map showing motorways under construction, or due to start by next spring, one realises how tremendous is the leeway that has to be caught up. The London-Yorkshire route has so far only got a bare half-way, and for a long time to come will have to be called the London-Birmingham motorway—in fact, it stops considerably short of Birmingham, and is continued as an improved road, bypassing Coventry, but not to motorway standards beyond Crick in Northants. The Preston motorway is really a



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bypass; so is the Doncaster one, and the only other special road of any length now under construction is the Ross-Tewkesbury section of what is intended to be a Bristol-Birmingham motorway. In addition, the Maidstone and Maidenhead bypasses are being built, but that more or less completes the story.

So far one looks in vain for any suggestion that the West Country will be opened effectively to traffic such as the existing A.30 and A.38 roads have to carry in the touring season, and even at other times of the year. Those who motored to Devon and Cornwall this summer were held up by continual queues, almost every village—to say nothing of the towns—proving to be bottlenecks of a most irritating kind. The great wedge of England lying between A.3 (the Portsmouth Road) and A.4 (the Bath Road) is not served by any really modern highway; there are no bypassed towns and there are numerous villages. It may be that the West Country has escaped attention in the matter of roads because it is not a highly industrialised area like the Midlands; but it is a very attractive area for tourists, and tourism is every year becoming a more valuable invisible export.

The five major projects which were announced in 1956 by the Ministry of Transport included a new road westwards from London to the West of England and South Wales. Of this the Cromwell Road extension and Chiswick flyover are now open to traffic. The intention was that from there the new motor road should be carried over the Great West Road for a mile or two, then parallel with it past London Airport, and eventually join up with the Maidenhead bypass. At the time of writing there is, however, no practical development to report. In any case, it does not appear that much relief is likely to the West Country processionists for many a long year.

Admittedly, the state of the country's roads which faced the Conservative Government in 1951 was daunting: Mr. Harold Watkinson has told us that, and he was the first Minister of Transport to get the Treasury to part with money on any scale. With motor taxation even then running at a rate of more than £400 million a year the record of preceding Ministers requires no comment. Even today, despite Mr. Watkinson's efforts, the average road expenditure per vehicle, which was £20 6s. 5d. a quarter of a century ago, is only £20 7s. 1d.—and £20 in 1934 would be worth £55 today.

The revenue from motor taxation is six times the present expenditure by the Government on roads. For all classes of expenditure, including maintenance, administration, etc., the estimate to the end of the present year is £93 million from the Government and £80 million from local authorities (from rates on road users)—a total of £173 million. Of this, £60.5 million is earmarked for new road construction and major improvements, but to provide a national highways system that is likely to be adequate to the country's needs in twenty years' time an annual expenditure of £175 million would be needed under these two headings alone.

No less than £564 million will be raised from motorists and vehicle users during the current year, and this will rise in proportion to the increased numbers coming on to the roads. We ought to be planning boldly for this expansion, and road improvement should be treated as a matter of urgency. But motorways and improved trunk highways are not the sole requirement, for the finest inter-city route cannot be 100 per cent. effective if fast traffic is reduced to a crawl through towns and villages. Nor can bypasses solve the entire difficulty, for nearly every journey begins and ends in a town.

Roads in towns must therefore be freed not only from the intrusion of long-distance traffic; they must also be made adequate for their proper purpose, and local and national needs are inseparable in this matter. The absence of parking facilities, both long- and short-term, lack of ring roads and multiplicity of intersections, all contribute to the complex problem of urban congestion. Flyovers, underpasses and ring roads must take their place in a traffic pattern which eliminates stoppages of vehicles at crossings and junctions. Trained traffic engineers could prove of great value in assessing individual problems and propounding remedies; unfortunately, there is a shortage of such engineers in this country at the present time, but one hopes that more men and greater training facilities will rectify this in due course.

Nothing but a comprehensive road plan, conceived as a unified scheme and carried through with determination during the next two decades, can stave off disaster on our roads. We must now look to Mr. Marples for the vigorous action of which he has shown himself to be capable.

DUDLEY NOBLE.

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## finance

THE Prime Minister told us we had never had it so good. The Labour Party said that Britain's national output had increased by only a small amount during the past few years—and by less, proportionately, than that of almost any other industrialised country in the world. The large minority of the electorate already disenchanted with both major parties could be excused for taking these two apparently contradictory statements as further reason for distrusting these parties. In fact, however, this is one of those instances when truth can indeed be described as many-sided. Most people in Britain have enjoyed a higher standard of living in the past few years than at any previous time: never before have so many people bought so many cars, washing machines, refrigerators; or been so comfortably clothed and fed; or spent so much on leisure and entertainment. But all these extra consumers' goods and services have been provided by industry's existing capacity. Relatively little has been spent in the last three years or so in increasing the capacity of manufacturing industry. So, adding the small amount of industrial net investment to the increase in consumption gives a rise in total national production that is only modest—and, choosing the appropriate statistics, less than almost all the other industrialised nations have been able to achieve over the same period.

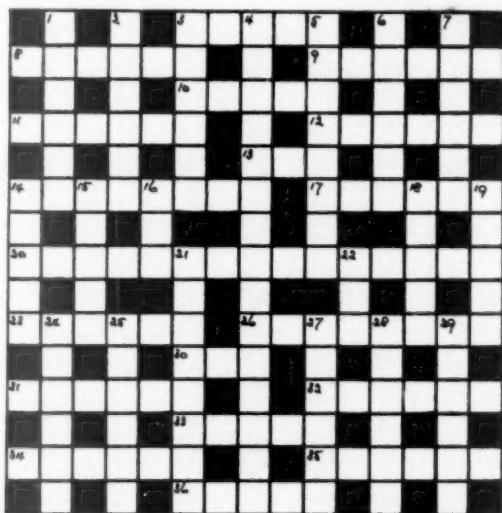
Whether the poor performance of the United Kingdom in the international "league table" is a legitimate reason for criticising the government's economic policy is another question. The rate of economic expansion was deliberately restricted because this was thought necessary to halt inflation and save sterling—given the amount of money (and therefore resources) committed to defence and the social services. The government may have been too cautious, or have marginally chosen incorrectly in deciding priorities. Perhaps it should have been unscrupulous about its external account and taken the view that in fear of Communism the United States would have been bound to bail Britain out, providing whatever gold and dollars were needed to save sterling. These are all, of course, hypothetical ques-

tions. Again, it is worth remembering, when comparing Britain's production—or export—performance, that Britain in a sense came out of the last war in a compromise position that gave her the worst of both worlds. On the one hand, unlike the United States, Canada, and one or two other countries, its industry did not come through unscathed: great efforts had to be devoted to replace assets that had been destroyed before net investment could begin. This task of reconstruction is still not complete in the cases of transport, fuel and power, and communications. On the other hand, some of the European countries (West Germany in particular) had their industrial potential almost completely destroyed during the War: this meant that their post-war industry had the benefit (compared with British industry) of more efficient equipment and plant, and that, since production was negligible in 1945-7, the statistical rate of increase of output since then has been enormous. Finally, so far as the years 1957-9 are concerned, it can well be argued that little net industrial investment was needed in Britain, simply because the "Butler boom" of the previous few years had increased capacity so much. Investment, some would say, had run ahead of consumption.

The real question, however, is whether Britain will be able to maintain the increased rate of growth which has, at least, been seen in the statistics for the latest month or two. Even before the Election sterling was very firm, and the gold and convertible currency reserves have been rising. Inflation also seems to be under control. With this background it seems clear that the efficiency of the economic policy of the renewed Government will be measured primarily by the increase achieved in Britain's national income over the next five years. There is, indeed, no reason why this increase should not be much larger than it has been at any time since the War. The immediate problem is to induce private manufacturing industry to expand its capacity, and it is to be hoped that some further stimulus to investment will be given in the next Budget. A great increase in national income was, incidentally, the basis of the Labour Party's election promises of higher pensions and more lavish social services.

LOMBARDO.

# NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 37



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on November 16. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

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## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 36

ACROSS. — 4. Greatness. 9. Abrupt. 11. Hasp. 12. Erects. 13. Avalon. 14. Bandalore. 16. Cassin. 17. Ope. 18. Sea. 22. Decimal. 24. Rambled. 25. Yam. 27. Sis. 30. Furore. 32. Alchemist. 33. Valise. 34. Stifle. 35. Grin. 36. Accent. 37. Brasserie.

DOWN. — 1. Cavalcade. 2. Trials. 3. Aphorisms. 5. Replace. 6. Agenda. 7. Niello. 8. Satire. 10. Tan. 15. Opal. 18. Sly. 19. Arm. 20. Ambulance. 21. Adherents. 23. Chic. 26. Assegai. 27. Slater. 28. Shifts. 29. Ampere. 31. Oliver. 33. Via.

## CLUES

### ACROSS

3. Refuse liver for example (5)
8. Heavenly body, strangely remote (6)
9. Partner almost returns catch (6)
10. Such a tooth is little credit to a girl (5)
11. Source of inflation, naturally (6)
12. Directed Scotland Yard offensive (6)
13. Perhaps not a great weight (3)
14. He is a man to value (8)
17. This shows pressure. — or bias maybe (6)
20. Children who might have said, "Crumbs! We're lost!" (6,3,6)
23. Let it stand about the engineers — that's the way! (6)
26. "..... is a perpetual Orphic song." Shelley (*Prometheus Unbound*) (8)
30. Time in general (3)
31. I'm taking a couple to reduce (6)
32. Rebelling lets us fight (6)
33. A Greek character going in remains imitative (5)
34. Manifest situation of cricket supporter? (6)
35. This is sickening! (6)
36. Just outside the bull-ring (5)

### DOWN

1. Brides out of order? — Rubbish! (6)
2. Chide a worker taking in a turncoat (6)
3. Choir's flower arrangement (6)
4. The work of an honorary interpreter? (4,11)
5. Scholarship and merit in a swimmer (8)
6. Strong liquor gives pungency to duck (6)
7. Backward animal (6)
14. He's taking a fool round after the fire (5)
15. Spaniard of Norse extraction (5)
16. Look at Ely for instance (3)
18. A sportsman joining the Territorial Army gets subsistence money (5)
19. He married Pocahontas (5)
21. Fifty-one perhaps raze it as learned (8)
22. A bit of druggist used for floor covering (3)
24. Scholar going in twice to make salad (6)
25. The skin of one's teeth? (6)
27. Lower catch to her (6)
28. Result may be different in Ireland (6)
29. A measure that is a help to a sportsman (6)

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